

# THE STRONGEST ASSASSIN REINCARNATES IN ANOTHER WORLD

## Chapter 1 Assassination

"Yesterday, a mafia boss was assassinated. His head was swiftly severed before he even had a chance to react," reported the journalist on the television, delving into the details of the shocking event.

"The method of execution strongly suggests the involvement of the notorious assassin known as the Reaper. His signature style entails a single, precise strike to the victim's neck. The Reaper remains at large, and the authorities are actively pursuing leads to apprehend him," the reporter continued, captivating the audience with the elusive figure's exploits.

Growing weary of the incessant coverage surrounding the assassination, Aiden switched off the television. He glanced at the items resting next to him on the couch—the dagger still stained with fresh blood, and the eerie mask resembling the visage of the reaper. These were the tools he employed to end the life of the mafia boss. It didn't take much deduction to realize whose blood coated the blade.

"Why do they hate me? I just killed a really bad man, I don't understand why they would hate me," murmured Aiden, not understanding why the population was against his assassinations.

Aiden's comprehension of the world was limited. From a young age, he had been molded into an assassin, trained to conceal himself skillfully and suppress his emotions. The relentless training he had endured as a boy shattered his psyche, leaving him obedient to the commands of the organization that had forged him into a deadly killer.

Living as an assassin had always been hard for Aiden, but he had no alternative. He embarked on missions, occasionally venturing into the city to glimpse what a normal life entailed. However, even in those moments, his vision of a normal world was quite different from that of normal persons. But, when he went into the city he could sometimes see the smiles they had on their faces when they were hanging out with friends and it made Aiden realize that he would be alone, forever.

Suddenly, the door to his room swung open, revealing Jack, the man who had trained him all those years.

"Excellent job on eliminating the mafia boss. You've shown remarkable growth and strength in recent years," Jack praised, acknowledging Aiden's achievement.

"Thank you," Aiden curtly replied, keeping his response concise to avoid provoking the unsettling presence of his former mentor. He wanted Jack to leave the room because he didn't like his presence because of how he had traumatized Aiden in his life.

As Jack was leaving he informed of a mission that he would have to do, "Aiden, I have a task for you tomorrow. I will send you the details tonight. Be prepared."

Aiden remained silent, offering only a nod as his response, devoid of any emotion, thinking of leaving this place forever not wanting to stay here anymore.

Retreating to his bed, he sought solace in the television once again, but this time, he changed channels to evade the disparaging remarks and negative discussions about his recent actions. He refused to let such criticism sour his mood.

Several hours later, Aiden retired for the night, preparing himself for the impending mission.

The following day, as he readied himself for the task ahead, Aiden held his now clean dagger, its familiarity a testament to his proficiency with the weapon. He then adorned his signature mask, resembling the visage of a reaper—the symbol of his clandestine identity.

Yet, an unease settled within him for the first time in his life. He had a feeling that something would go wrong but he couldn't tell what it was. This disconcerting feeling felt alien to him.

Dismissing it as an unfounded concern, Aiden rationalized that he had no reason to be apprehensive. The task at hand seemed straightforward, he had to eliminate a gang boss residing in the slums. A task like that was supposed to be easy, so why was he having that feeling?

Arriving in the slums, Aiden saw something horrible. People were in the streets looking unhealthy as if they would drop dead at any moment. However, Aiden couldn't care for them at the moment, he had to complete his mission.

Finally, he arrived at the spot which Jack had told him of yesterday, and he entered.

It was weird, why wasn't he hearing anything it was like he was in some sort of abandoned building, where only the wind could be heard.

Advancing cautiously toward the bedroom, Aiden discerned the sounds of someone engrossed in their work. His target, unaware of the impending danger, continued his activities, oblivious to the fate that loomed over him.

Approaching his prey noiselessly, Aiden readied his dagger, preparing for the fatal strike. However, to his disbelief, his attack was thwarted as the target deflected the blow effortlessly, never diverting his attention from his task.

Caught off guard, Aiden quickly regrouped, launching another attack. Yet, a shadowy figure emerged from the darkness, launching a vicious counter-attack, slicing Aiden's abdomen and causing blood to spill forth.

"Ahaha, you really came, huh?" taunted the masked assailant, a cruel smile adorning his face.

Silent and resilient, Aiden refused to utter a word. Because of his training from young age, he acted as if he didn't feel any pain, not making any noise.

"Do you not recognize me?" the assailant inquired, his grin widening.

"It's me, Jack."

As the words reverberated through Aiden's mind, his eyes widened with disbelief. He couldn't fathom why the man who had taught him everything would betray him. All he had ever done was obey orders, yet here he stood, facing his own demise at Jack's hands.

"Why... What have I done to deserve this?" Aiden questioned silently, his thoughts veering toward the incomprehensible betrayal unfolding before him.

"The reason is simple, Aiden. Your increasing strength has started to make me nervous. I felt you were getting stronger and stronger. That's why, I organized this trap," Jack explained, his voice tinged with a chilling resolve, as he proceeded to sever both of Aiden's arms.

Aiden grimaced, but no cry of pain escaped his lips. The brutal training of his youth had forged an indomitable spirit, unyielding to physical agony.

"This is the end. Goodbye," Jack declared coldly, delivering a final, decisive slash to Aiden's neck.

'If I ever get reborn, I will do my absolute best to be free, I won't be locked in a cage like you did with me,' thought Aiden as his consciousness faded.

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In another world, a young man had decided to kill himself. He knew that his life would never get better and all he was good at was disappointing the ones around him.

He had decided to kill himself by using drugs which would kill him for good.

Gobbling up the pills, he started shaking uncontrollably, saliva coming out of his mouth. He was moving up and down, he really was going to die.

And that he did, the reaction he was having continued for a few minutes until he was completely lifeless, not even a heartbeat could be heard.

Suddenly, the body of the boy that was completely lifeless started shaking as if another reaction was happening to it.

The eyes of the young man who had just died shot open and words started coming out his mouth "How am I alive?"